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From the Portsmouth Journal

The following is supposed to be written by a gentleman who met a Miss. Berry in a small town in the interior of New-York, last summer, and was very much pleased with her. As his intentions became very pointed, they were *slightly* repulsed; and being called away by business, just then, he did not prosecute the acquaintance further at that time. In the fall, he employed his first leisure moment in visiting the town where she resided, with the intention of offering his hand and heart, but arrived just in time to witness the nuptials of *Miss Berry* and *Mr. Eaton*. Not being dangerously deep in love, he chose to laugh the matter off; and the next morning sent the bride the following:

EPITHALAMIUM.

As I passed by a hedge, one day,
A luscious and rich looking berry
Attracted my gaze that way;
'Twas as ripe and as red as a cherry!

How it nodded and danced on the bough,
As the soft morning zephyr blew by it!
"Are you sweet as you look to be now?"
Said I, and I though I would try it.

I made demonstrations to climb,
But scratched myself, much to my sorrow;
And said I, "I'm in haste at this time,
And you'll do quite as well on the morrow."

Then I hurried along on my track,
But that berry my bosom still haunted;
And often I turned to look back
To the bush where it nodded and flaunted.

I saw it that night in my dreams;
And so laughing it looked, and so merry,
I vowed, with the morning's first beams,
To go back and secure the berry.

And so with Aurora's first blush,
I traced back the path, so well beaten;
But alas! when I came to the bush,
I found that my *Berry* was *Eaton*.

MORAL.—BY WILLIAM ESSEX.

Let this a warning to all
Who are thinking of love and of matching!
Climb! climb! never think of a fall—
Flinch not, though you get a slight scratching.

What might be as well done to-day,
O, never put off till to-morrow!
You may chance, from that trifling delay,
To reap a full harvest of sorrow.

DICK TRYSAIL'S SOLITARY CRUISE.

It was a cold, dark, and stormy night, off the Cape of Good Hope. The fine ship Chevalier was lying to like a duck, under a close-reefed main-top sail. The captain was turned in, and waiting with all the patience of a philosopher for the gale to subside. The officer of the watch had stowed himself away snugly in the steerage, having told the man whose regular tick it was at the wheel, to give him a call if the wind lulled, or if there was any appearance of a change of the weather—and a part of the hardy crew who had the watch on deck were nicely, coiled away under the weather bulwark, on the quarter deck, humming a tune, or listening to the rush of waves or the howling of the winds, or apostrophizing, in no very gentle language, the weather.

"Come," said Bill Jones, "this is dull music, as the fidler said to the rattlesnake, when he, the rattlesnake, not the fiddler, was gently wagging his tail. Dick Trysail, you promised us a week ago at least, to tell us a long yarn, which would astonished us. I love to be astonished, and there is no time better than the present.—We shan't be called upon to reef topsails this watch, at any rate. So heave ahead, old fellow."

"What did I promise to tell you about," growled Dick Trysail.

"Oh, something about having been lost overboard once on a voyage to South America," said Bill.

"Ah, I recollect now," replied Dick; "and shipmates, if you would like to hear my story, I have no objection to tell it to you but I'm afraid you'll call it no great shakes after all; although I really believe that if some chaps had the telling of it, they would set it off as really to astonish you. I've no knack at embellishing, you know, and shall only make simple statement of facts, as they actually occurred. What I am going to tell you, is every word true."

"Twill be the first time then that you stuck to truth," said Tom Braley.

The watch, one and all, declared that they should be delighted, if not astonished, to hear Dick Trysail's story, and crawled as near to the tough old Triton as possible, who after replenishing his mouth with something less than a fathom of pigtail, proceeded as follows:

"Well," said Dick, "I have no objection to spining you a yarn to pass away the time, if you think it is worth while. It was a right curious adventure, and I was within the smallest trifle in the world, of losing the number of my mess. But sailors are always liable to accidents, and should be astonished at nothing which happens to them. I wish you to take notice before I begin, that my story is not made up for the occasion, but is every word true.—Mind that.

Well, you see somewhere about three or four years ago, I don't mind the time exactly I was one of the crew of the ship Durindarte, of Boston, Capt. Ainsworth, bound on a voyage to Maranham. We had a fine run from Boston, until we got into the trades—had a good captain, officers and crew, and everything on board went quietly and shipshape. It is a fact that I was never so happily situated in my life and I could not but think it a little hard that I should be discharged from her without a moment's notice, in the midst of the wide ocean. To be put ashore on Robinsin Crusoe's Islands, would be nothing to it—for there you would have land under your feet, and although I like a good ship at sea, better than a house on shore, which may take fire suddenly, or be blown down about your ears, some night when you are taking a comfortable snooze, yet it is no joke to find yourself, naked as it were, and alone on the blue water, without a ship, or even a boat on which to rest your foot. Salt water is a good thing, but I do not like to much even of a good thing."

"Come, Dick," muttered Tom Braley 'no moralizing—anything but that. If you are going to give us a yarn, give it to us straight, without kinks in it"

"If that is your idea," resumed Jack, "I'll steer small, and make a straight wake—this yawing about is bad business, I do believe. Well, as I was saying, one after-noon, while on board the Durindate, we were running along to the southward with light breezes & squally from the northeast, and a smooth sea. We were not far from the line, and at twelve o'clock, I heard the captain say, "we are just twenty miles north of St. Paul's."

About sunset, a pretty heavy squall struck the ship, the royals and top-gallant sails were taken in, but the wind soon lulled, and it began to rain right merrily. I was standing on the lee side of the forecastle, looking over the bow, when all at once I saw a dolphin, swimming quietly along on the top of the water, looking as saucy as you please, as if he was muttering to himself, "catch me if you can.' 'Twas a tempting object to gaze at, we had no fresh grub, of course, since we left port, and I longed to have him in the coppers forming the keel and upper works of a chowder for all hands. I ran to the long boat and got hold of the grainse, and was out on the bowsprit and down on the martingale stay, before you could say, 'belay that.' The dolphin, very foolishly, as I thought, came composedly along, wagging his tail, and passed almost directly under the bowsprit, when I let drive the grainse at him with all my force, and ——— *missed him!* The fish started off being sadly frightened and I, not having taken the precaution to take a turn with the rope which was fastened to the grainse, lost my balance, fell forward, turned, a complete somerset and landed slap in the water!

I was not a little astonished at my mishap—it was so unexpected—but nevertheless bellowed out lustily. The ship passed over me, but as soon as I came up astern, I began to blow like a grampus, and hailed the ship man-fashion. It happened unfortunately for poor Pilgarlic, that at that moment the squall was more violent than ever—but through the rain which fell as if old ocean was about to be inundated, I could see a mighty confusion on board the ship. Bill Rogers was standing on the forecastle at the time, and must have seen my tumbling after the dolphin—besides they must have heard me sing out when I found myself overhead and ears in the 'briny element' as they call it. A hen coop was tossed overboard—and the old Durindarte was hove to; for the last thing I saw of her, her main-top sails was to the mast. But she had a good deal of headway at the time—and the squall continuing, and night coming on, I soon lost sight of her. I have heard since that they lowered a boat, and pulled off in the direction in which they supposed I was—for Captain Ainsworth was a man who would never forsake a poor sailor in distress—but they must have made a bad calculation—and hit wide of the mark, for I neither saw nor hear of them at the time.

As soon as I found out how matters stood, I struck out towards the ship, and was not long in reaching the hen-coop, to which I clung with just as much affection, as misfortune clings to an old tar. I did not bear my misfortune in silence, but exercised my lungs like a second Dickey, hailing the main-top-mast-cross-trees in a gale of wind. But I might as well have saved my breath, for nobody heard me—and after waiting about half an hour until it was quite dark, I began to think I had got into an ugly scrape, and would have given all my old shoes to have been safe on board the Durindarte, even if she had been lying on her beams ends in a hurricane off Anegada reef as was once my luck.

When I found there was no prospect of getting assistance, I began to think it was all up with poor Dick. The clouds soon broke away the stars came out and shone like diamonds—but the Durindarte was not in sight. Nevertheless, I soon consoled myself with the idea that my fate might have been much worse I crawled up on the hen-coop, and took my seat on it *a chevel*, as the French say, which means a horseback—and I still had possession of the grainse—for I never let go the rope which was bent to it, and which I clutched with a desperate eagerness as I fell in the water. After turning over the subject in my mind for an hour or two, I came to the conclusion that although my situation was not so bed as it might be, ther was room for a good deal of improvement—yet I resolved to keep a stiff upper lip, and not to give up as long as there was a shot in the locker.

I found the craft in which I was embarked, rather crank, more than once in the night, when I was nodding, it capsized and plunged me over head and ears in the water, which was warm enough, I confess, but not quite so fresh as I could have wished. In the morning when the sun rose above the horizon, I took a squint around, but nothing could I see but blue water and the blue sky—neither the Durindarte, nor any other vessel was in sight. I was completely left in the lurch, and began to feel quite uncomfortable and lonely. Time passed away, and I amused myself by calculating on the chances of being picked up—but as few vessels passed that meridian in the course of the year, I soon came to the conlusion that the chances were rather against me. I looked hard to the westward for the Island of St. Pauls—but no island could I see. I began to feel hungry too, and would gladly have snapped at a morsel of the old mahogany junk, which I had turned up my nose at only the the day before, pronouncing it desperate hard living.

On the second day after I had thus left a good ship, without expecting to better my condition, however, my heart was gladdened at the sight of a dolphin, swimming up towards my hen-coop, as if desirous of knowing what curious thing was thus floating about in those latitudes. My good fellow, said I, 'your visit is well-timed, but we must be better acquainted before we part, as Commodore Downes said to the Malay pirates at Quallo Battoo.' I seized my grainse, and buried the five prongs in him, just abaft the fore shoulder, and then hauled him on board. I made a delicious meal off of him without much ado—not waiting for the ceremony of cooking, which, after all, is not of much consequence—being a mere habit, and sometimes a troublesome one into the bargain. I felt better after I had devoured about a couple of pounds of the dolphin—and if I could have got hold of a piece of fresh tobacco, should have felt in fine spirits. I did not suffer much from thirst, as there were frequent rain showers, and when my shirt got well soaked, I contrived to squeeze some water into my mouth. The wind continued light from the eastward—and fortunately for me there was a smooth sea—so that I occasionly got a nap with my legs dangling in the water.

On the third day after I fell overboard, while regailing myself with a piece of the dolphin which I had saved—after throwing into the sea some of the bones, I felt some thing strike against my starboard walking stick, which hung overboard—and on casting my eyes in the water, I saw within arm's length, a huge monster of a shark, who was very busy grabbing the pieces of dolphin which I had thrown overboard! I felt under great obligations to him for not snapping off one of my walking sticks at once—but was convinced that as soon as he had swallowed the fragments of dolphin, he would pay his respects to Dick Trysail without further ceremony. I accordingly resolved to be before hand with him—and after the rascal had finished his meal, and was eyeing me with a wicked look, as if his mouth watered at the idea of cracking my bones, I thrust the grainse with all the strength I was master of into his back. The prongs passed through the tough skin, but were not to be drawn out so easily.

I never saw a beast so *astonished* as that shark was, when he received my cordial greeting. He was about twelve feet long and immensely strong. He started off upon the full run, but was soon brought up by the tough piece of ratlin stuff, eight or ten fathoms long, which was attached to the grainse, and the end of which I had taken care to fasten to the hen-coop. He then tried to go down, and see if he could meet with better treatment below—and dragged the hen-coop, to which I clung, several feet under water. But he soon got tried of that game—and rose again to the surface.—He then went round and round several times, to my great dissatisfaction—and I was about to cut the rope and let him go, grainse all, when he took a fancy to swim off in a direction about due west—dragging the coop and myself after him at the rate of three or four knots! I knew he could no hold out long at such play—at the end of half an hour, I found that he began to grow nervous and figetty—and evidently found his situation rather an unpleasent one. Finally, in his flurry, he made a desperate leap out of the water—and with the jerk, the grainse drew out, and off he went, without so much as saying good-bye, leaving me alone on the wide ocean. He evidently did not like my company—and to tell the truth, I was not sorry to get rid of him. There was no love lost between us, any how.

On the morning of the fourth day of my solitary cruise, soon after day break, as I was eagerly looking around to see if any vessel was in sight, for I began to grow impatient, and as hungry as the shark whom I had treated so unhandsomely—having no salt, the dolphin was not then quite such savory food as could be wished—I thought I spied a dark looking object floating on the water, and not more than a cable's length distance. My heart beat quicker. Can it be a boat? whispered I to myself. No—it was to small for a boat.—What *can* it be? as the day advanced, and darkness cleared up. I found it was a huge *loggarhead turtle*, fast asleep on the surface of the water. He must have been six or eight feet in length, and probably weighed five or six hundred pounds. I no sooner saw him than I felt that Providence had not altogether forsaken poor Dick. I determined that the turtle, or Scrabbling Jack, as I afterwards called him, should take me in tow.

He tried to make a plunge—and if I had not been aware of the kind of capers which these stupid animals cut on such occasions. I should have been in a sad fix, and glad enough to mount my hen-coop again. But I knew the nature of the beast, having once belonged to a turtle sloop, owned in New Providence—and as the old fellow was about to dive, I caught hold of his hind flippers, and bearing my whole weight upon them, and he paddling with all his might at the same time, he could not for the soul of him get his head, much less his large body, under water—but off he went, at the rate of five or six knots, dragging me after him!

I managed to steer him indifferently well, by pushing one flipper and pulling the other—and shaped the course due west, as near as I could judge from the bearing of the sun, I passed the rope around my body beneath the armpits—lest at any moment, overcome with fatigue, I might let go my hold—and I soon found great advantage in so doing—for Scrabbling Jack, after two or three fruitless attempts to get rid of his companion, swam quietly and rapidly along on the top of the water, without trying to dive below. Once, indeed as I was off my guard, and perhaps nodding,—having had but precious little sleep for the previous four nights, he took an unfair advantage, and down we went!—Before I knew what the rascal was about, we were both of us eight or ten feet under water! But I soon brought him up the surface again, and was more careful afterwards.

Scrabbling Jack clawed off at a fine rate—but before many hours, I was tired enough of clinging to him, and steering him in the right direction. He was something like a pig in his disposition, and wanted to go every way but the way I had determined that he should go. By four o'clock in the afternoon I was nearly ready to give up; for besides the trouble of keeping him in the right track, this being dragged through the water at such a rate is by no means so pleasant an operation as one would be likely at first to imagine. I bitterly regretted having left my hen-coop, and began to calculate how much longer I could hold out, when my heart was gladdened with the sight of an object on the larboard bow, which at first I took to be a vessel—but as we approached it fast, I soon found it to my unspeakable satisfaction, that it was land—the island of St. Paul's! And never was the sight of land more welcome to the tempest-tost mariner after a six months pasage from India, than it was to mine at that moment.

My only fear was that scrabbling Jack would give out; he began to breathe hard. I did him injustice, for he was bottom to the back bone, and did not relax in his exertions until about six o'clock in the evening, he carried me safe and sound alongside of a jutting rock on the island. The sea was smooth, and there was little or no surf. I stepped ashore without difficulty—having first taken the liberty to make a rope fast to one of my companions's fins—for I was not yet quite prepared to part company with him. I made fast the other end to a large rock, and then, completely overcome with weariness, with hunger, and with joy at the unexpected termination of my sufferings, I threw myself flat on the rock, and blubbered aloud, like a sea sick cabin boy.

I did not remain long in that situation—but soon arose and clambered up on the rocks, to see if I could find any thing which would do to eat—and I was not long at a loss, for the island was almost covered with birds—there were boobies, noddies, gulls, man-of-war birds, &c. in abundance. I soon caught one, twisted his neck, and made a hearty supper—and as I was rather thirsty, I crawled up on to a high part of the island, out of the reach of the spray, where I found some tolerable good fresh water in the hollows of the rocks. I then laid down, and soon fell a sleep—nor did I awake until the sun had risen above the horizon.

I looked around for a sail—but none was in sight. I then went to work to secure Scrabbling Jack—for I would not have lost him for his weight in gold. I found him safe enough—and built a sort of pen with fragments of rock, into which, with considerable difficulty, I managed to put my useful friend and shipmate. I found plenty of eggs on the island, and I could knock over as many birds as I wanted any day—with my grainse I could catch some excellent fish, which sported in abundance alongside the rocks. I found salt in great plenty, made by the heat of the sun. The worst of it was, I could not strike a fire. I had heard tell of Indians and other savage folks getting fire by rubbing together two dry sticks. I found some dry wood on the island, but whether it had been too long soaked in salt water, or that I had not the knack of it, I know not, but I rubbed till I was tired and the wood was hot—but not a spark of fire could I get—or even a symptom of smoke. But by salting my fish and birds, and broilling them in the hot sun—and the sun shone hot and heavy on that island, I'll tell ye, my lads—I got along very well; I had *enough* such as it was, and was a thousands times better off than when riding horseback on the hencoop.

Every morning early, I went up to the highest point of the island, and searched along the horizon for vessels—but it is not often the case that vessels pass within sight of St. Paul's. I had been on the island like a second Robinson Crusoe, for about six weeks, when one morning I beheld far in the northeast a ship steering to the southward under a crowd of sail. The wind was light, and she was not going along at the rate of more than two or three knots an hour, but I feared she would not pass quite so near the island as I could wish. Nevertheless, I bent the few garments which I had, to a pole that I found among the roks, and stuck it up on the highest pinicle of the island. But my signal was not seen from the ship—she kept on her course, passing within eight or nine miles, without heaving to, or lowering a boat. I could not bear the idea of remaining for six weeks, or perhaps, months, longer on that desolate spot, and thought that I ought to risk something to get on board the ship.

My plan was formed in a moment. I dowsed my flag, bastened down to the seaside, roused out my old friend Scrabbling Jack, got him fairly into the Atlantic ocean, caught hold of his hind flippers and off we went! I knew that unless he had grown lazy by leading an inactive life on shore, and good living, for I gave him plenty of prog, he would overhaul the ship before night, unless the wind freshened—and if it did, I should have to make the best of my way back to my island again. Every thing fully answered my expectations—the wind did not freshen, and Scrabbling Jack scrabbled faster than ever, and when it was about four o'clock, I was almost within hail of the ship.

At this moment, I thought I perceived some commotion on board. There was a running about the decks—and soon I saw the Captain standing on the tafferel with a musket in his hand, one of his officers along side of him with a harpoon, and several of the crew with boarding pikes. I afterwards learnt this was owing to a man aloft having sung out "Sea-serpent, ho! right astern, coming up with us hand over hand." I thought this was a most inhospital reception, after having gone through dangers and sufferings which do not fall to the lot of every one—and as soon as I got within hail, seeing the Captain about to bring his musket to present, I shouted out as loud as I could roar, and my lungs were always pretty good, "Ship ahoy!"

The Captain was *astonished*—and as we were close upon the equinoctial line, many of the crew believed that Old Neptune himself was really coming on board, or at the least had sent an ambassador to see that all was right.—And indeed our appearance was rather out of the common way. First came Scrabbling Jack himself, clawing away at a great rate, evidently with a design to come along side—and the just behind him was seen the head of poor Dick Trysail! I had lost my cap when I fell overboard from the Durindarte, and no two hairs on my head were standing in the same direction. My beard had not been sheaved for seven weeks and my face, never of the handsomest, was now as brown as a berry.

The Captain hardly knew what to make of our appearance, and I hailed again, "Ship a-hoy!"

"Hallo!" shouted the Captain in a trembling voice.

"Stand by with a rope—I am coming alongside."

"Who are you, and what do you want?" screamed the Captain, half frightened to death, "If you come alongside I'll shoot you. Stand by, boys," said he to his crew.

The matter was now growing serious. "And is this the way," shouted I, "that you receive a poor fellow you fall in with in the midst of the wide ocean, and who has been living among sharks, and dolphins, and turtles, and other wild beasts, until he is tired? For shame! give us a rope, and when I come on board, you will have one real Yankee sailor on board at any rate."

By this time the Captain was pretty well convinced that I was neither fish nor reptile, nor old neptune himself but a real Christian being, although he could not imagine how I came adrift in those latitudes. The ship was lusted up to the wind, and a rope was thrown overboard. I quitted my hold of my old friend, and down he went without stopping to say fare-well. I sighed as he disappeared, for he had

been a good friend, and faithful servant, and I had been long *attached* to him. I caught hold of the rope, and was a moment after standing on the deck of the ship Trincalo, Captain Rhenells, from New York, and bound to Para

If the crew were astonished to see me, they were still more astonished to here my story, and if they had not seen me actually holding on to Scrabbling Jack, I really believe they would never have believed half what I told them. However they treated me kindly—and I felt much happier as well as safer on board the Trincalo, than when I was riding the old hen-coop. I was on board a fortnight—when off the north coast of the Brazils, we fell in with an American ship—which proved to be the Darindarte. We made a signal, and she have too. She was from Maranham, bound to Boston.—We hoisted out the boat and I went on board with the Captain. I never saw a ship's company so astonished to see an old shipmate as were the crew of the Darindarte. They had given me up for lost—and thought that I was long ago stowed away in David Jone's locker. But they missed a figure—and right glad were they to see me again. I returned home to Boston in the Darindarte, and received wages for the whole voyage—even for the three weeks when I was cutting shines in the neighborhood of St. Paul's. So, then, shipmates, you have my story—and you see it is not much of a story after all. But it shows that courage and resolution will accomplish much—that when danger threatens us, it is best to keep a stiff upper lip—and that a man's fortunes are seldom so bad but that they might be worse."

"It is rather astonishing story, I confess," said Bill Jones. "But do you mean to say that it is all true?" added he, with a purser's grin.

"Come, none of your half-laughs," said Dick. Every word of it is as true as Bowditch's Navigator, or Blunt's Coast pilot."

FOREIGN NEWS.

From the Eastern Argus.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the packet ship George Washington, Liverpool dates have been received at New York to the 29th March.

The steamer Liverpool arrived out on the 25th, having made the passage in 16 days.—Consequently the news of the passage of the "war bill" had been received, before the departure of the Geo. Washington. It does not seem to have occasioned any very great excitement in England. The feeling there is evidently quite pacific. In the House of Lords, on the 27th of March, Lord Palmerston said, "there was no reason to expect that the friendly communications between England and America would be interrupted." Lord Brougham said on the 26th that

"He hoped the powerfull necessity of a war with America would be avoided. He would not counsel the Government, nor would their Lordships sanction any course contrary to the public honor; but, no apprehension need be derogatory to the national honor to concede as much as possible for the maintenance of the inestimable blessings of peace. This was the principle upon which the Government ought to act in every case and above all in respect to the unhappy differences between this country and America." And, he added: "There is one consolation on this subject, which is, that we are undeniably, clearly, and manifestly in the wrong; and giving up when we are in the wrong, never can harm us."

The London Times, of March 27th has a long article on the subject of the boundary troubles, from which the following is an extract:—

"We do not indeed find just cause to complain of any thing peculiarly acrimonious, or virulent, or offensive toward Great Britain, in the language employed by the American Government, or by members of Congress, or by the leading portions of the republican press. There is a tone of decency and gravity in their proceedings which bespeaks no rancor, and conveys no sort of insult, and expresses no willingness, but, on the contary, repugnance to a national war with England. So far there is nothing that an Englishman could wish to see altered in the demeanor adopted by the U. S. nor anything unworthy of a race of freemen, who earned their liberties on the field of battle, contending against a mistaken sense of right and a short sighted calculation of policy, on the part of their kindred antagonists.

But there, unfortunately, all feeling of satisfaction with our Republican brethereu must cease. If their words be measured so are not their actions. The votes of Congress, the executive proceedings of the cabinet, the nature and extent of the warlike arguments authorized by Congress, undertaken by the Executive, eagerly clamored for and accepted with rapture by the people, denote that when the period of real exertion, shall arrive, the Americans will not waste their breath in angry vituperation only.

The general government, while it condemns all irregular, precipitate, and unauthorized measures by the State of Maine, in furtherance of her own pretensions to the disputed territory, is by no means less pertinacious or confident than Maine herself, as to the full validity of such pretensions, and the absolute and indefeasible right of Maine to enforce them. A new point of controversy has been raised by the Republicans, and it seems to turn for the present the direct question of peace or war.

After enumerating the prominent provisions of the "bill for the defence of the United States"—the "war bill," the editor goes on to say:

"Such are the measures *already* with exemplary vigor and promptitude adopted by the Republic of the United States, and avowedly for an anticipated war with Great Britain. We hear from the committee of the American Senate nothing like the rubbish talked by Lord Palmarston about forbearing to augument the national armaments for fear of 'rousing the jealousy' of an antagonist power. The Americans are not afraid to provide themselves with timely defences, least they may thereby provoke a foreign enemy to attack them. No; they are not such fools, or such recreant cowards, as Mr. Daniel O'Connell has imposed upon the British empire in the shape of an Executive Government.

But how is all this to end! How is it to *end*, we say, when the Republicans declares beforehand that she *will not yield an inch to the prize* contended for, arming herself vigorously to make good her claims, while England humbly trusts to the chapter of accidents, and to the tender abstinence and compassion of a declared antagonist?

To expect that this country should succeed in retaining the whole of the disputed territory, would with such a government as the present, be to look for shower of miracles from Heaven. It must terminate in a *compromise*, each yielding somewhat, unless Lords Howick and Palmerston have determined to give up the whole. In this journal we have more than once pointed out a district along the Bay of Fundy, which appeared to us, and still apears, the best adapted as material for compromise on the part of the British crown."

The Times, it will be recollected, is a violent opposition print, and aims chiefly on this subject, as on others, to complain of the existing Administration. The London Globe of March 25th has the following paragraph:

'We believe the tone of all the recent correspondence from America, fully confirms the just confidence, founded upon mutual interest, that no such calamity will be suffered to spring from such an inglorious squabble. The citizens of the United States have shown, as a body, how little they sympathize with the "sympathizers" on our Canadian frontier; and we do not doubt they will show equally, that they are equally far from sympathizing with cupidity or rashness in any quarter. We trust—indeed we may say we are confident—that nothing will be done on either side to turn a question of petty local interest into one of national feeling."

The question may be one of "petty local interest" in England—but it certainly is not so, in America. The London Standard, dated 12 o'clock, March 26th says:

The American news has not had any effect on the British market up to the present time. Consols which left off yesterday at 92 3-4 7-8 for the account, opened at the same price, owing to the still prevailing opinion that a war with the United States will not take place.

Four o'clock. Consols for account closed at 2 7-8.

We have nothing further on the subject of the Boundary. We copy the following miscellaneous items from the Boston Mercantile:—

Lord Melbourne gave notice to the House of Lords on the 25th that he should on the succeeding evening, move that the House adjourn to the 11th of April.

H. M. ship Winchester, of 52 guns is ordered to be commissioned at Chatham for the flag of Vice Admiral Sir Thomas Harvey. Capt. John Parker is to be his captain.

There has been another irruption of the Thames Tunnel, which would delay the progress of the works about a fortnight. No lives lost.

The Lords of the Admiralty have ordered five new engines for war steam ships, one of which to be named the Cyclops, to be of 1300 tons burthen and carry 26 guns—the largest armament yet placed on board a steam frigate, in any navy.

One thousand barrels Western Canal flour were sold about the 25th of March, at aeution, at 35s. a 35s. 6d. The arrivals of American flour had been considerable during the week.

No later Liverpool cotton market in the papers than the 25th March. At that time the market was quiet, but steady. Sales of the day 3000 bales.

Capt. Harvey and the officers of the Malabar have subscribed for a silver tea and coffee service, to be presented to Mr. Joseph Wightman, of Three Rivers, Nova Scotia, in acknowledgement of the important service rendered by him to the Malabar, when she struck on the rocks off Cape Bear, Prince Edward Island, on the 19th October. Mr. Wightman went off to the ship in a small open boat, and piloted her to a place of safety.

A PLOT DEFEATED.—A JURY PACKED.

Messrs Stevens, Burrowes and Penrose, the leaders in the attempt, which our readers recollect, to usurp the government of Pennsylvania, got up an indictment, a short time since against a few of the patriotic citizens who aided in defeating their treasonable conspiracy. When the day of trial came, a mass of evidence was introduced proving conclusively that, *the Grand Jury who found the bill, had not been properly and fairly constituted*, and a motion was therefore made to quash the indictment, which was accordingly done. Among other matter, four or five affidavits were read, in which respectable individuals swear, that they heard the leading counsel for the prosecution declare, that the "defendants were a set of rebels; that he would *Pack a Jury* to convict them; and that guilty or not guilty, they should be convicted," &c. How for he had caried his threat into practice appears from the fact, that of the 48 Jurors in attendance, only *eight* were democrats. Such proceedings require no comment. Their palpable baseness must call forth the unqualified rebuke of every honest man. And yet the federalists who defend, them talk of the 'disorganizing spirit of the Administration," and affect a pious dread of the horrors of radicalism!—What contemptible hypocricy! [E. Argus.]

[From the Correspondence of the Argus.]

WASHINGTON, April, 1839.

HENRY A. WISE.

Messrs Editors.—In a hastily written communication, transmitted to you on the 22d of February last, relative to the attempt on the part of certain federal members to expel Dr. DUNCAN of Ohio from the House of Representatives, I briefly adverted to the speech, which the individual, whose name is at the head of this article, made on the subject. I then considered it an extraordinary speech; and, having since read a report of it in the National Intelligencer, (written out undoubtedly by himself; or, at least, under his own eye,) I am still of the same opinion. A copy of that speech is now before me—to a few extracts from which, I beg leave to invite the attention of the people.

Mr GRAY of New York, having referred to the murder of the late Hon Mr CILLEY, Mr. Wise, evidently much excited, took the floor.—After a few preliminary observations, apparently with the confident expectation of being able to remove, in some good degree at least, the stigma which attaches to his character for the the part he performed in that bloody tragedy, he remarked:

"Sir, (said he,) this gives me an opportunity, which has, up to this moment, been withheld—unjustly withheld from me—to say a word about that affair. * * * I am ready to be tried. I have been waiting anxiously for a trial. Put me at your bar, and I will plead instantly. I am ready to say on the spot, *I did on that occasion just what I will do again under similar circumstances.* * * * I repeat that many of you have propagated the vilest slanders concerning my conduct in that affair. I have been vilified by every species of vituperation which malice here, among yourselves, could invent. I have been stigmatised as a *murderer.* * * * The gentleman (Mr Gray) has himself named the horrid word *murder*! Sir, there are two sorts of murder. There is one description of that offence which deserves murder.—murder by the law—which *public sentiment*—HIGHER THAN THE LAW, the great law-breaker—defines to be *honorable.* * * * Now, sir, by the latter mode was Cilley *murdered*—FAIRLY, HONORABLY!! * * * Let no man accuse me of murder in that case, in any odious sense. If he does, he shall have the opportunity to commit such a murder himself.

* * * * * *

"You must rely for redress of certain personal wrongs, upon arms, or upon public opinion. *I in my unregenerated state*, as long as I am a worldling, *choose the bright steel*; it is more faithful, more true, safer, and *a better security than the opinions of mankind.*

"I have challenged and been challenged; three times have I been upon the "bloody ground"—seen five shots exchanged—four balls take effect—three limbs wounded, two permanently disabled, and one life taken; and, *as I hope to be pardoned by Heaven*, I HAD RATHER BE PRINCIPAL AT ANY TIME THAN THE SECOND.

* * * * * *

"You have just passed a penitentiary act, [the anti-duelling law.] You are then bound to take the defence of character into your own hands, as you have taken arms from the hands of the cavalier. * * * I call upon you, I call upon society, either *to defend me, or give me back my arms.*

* * * * * *

"In the face of an approaching election, I say to my good constituents—"If you are determined I shall not defend myself when assailed, like a true knight, do not send me to Congress, for I shall just as truely fight, if occasion is given, as you send me:" and *so I shall ever continue until the holy religion of the Cross takes possession of my soul—which may God grant right early!*"

The above may be taken as a fair specimen of the whole speech. I know not how it may strike the reader; but, for myself, I can only say, that after listening to Mr Wise's *defence*, (an occasion for which, he says, he had so long been "withheld from him,") I entertained, if possible, a more unfavorable opinion of him than ever before. Such, I know, was also the case with many others, who had heard him on the occasion. His protestations of innocence will go for nothing; the plea of the vilest culprit at the bar is, "*Not Guilty.*" Nor will his swaggering calls upon the House to "try him" convince the people of his innocence. No doubt, in the present state of the House, by the aid of his *conservative allies*, he might hope to reverse the judgment long since passed upon him by that PUBLIC SENTIMENT, which, he affirms, is "ABOVE THE LAW." Hence his apparent earnestness for a "trial." But the great body of the people will never believe it any thing less than *unmitigated murder*, to compel a man, against even the laws of the bloody code itself, (declaring as Mr Cilley did repeatedly, that, he "entertained for Mr Graves, the highest respect and the most kind feelings,") to stand and be shot at *three* successive times, under the pretence of his declining to acknowledge *a notorious bank-bought braggadocio and poltroon* to be a *gentleman.* Yet, though *that* was the *pretence*, Mr Wise himself well knows that the people believe there were *other motives* which actuated *him* in pushing the duel to a fatal termination. And, now, I come to explain, as I understand it, the occasion of his (at first view,) singular asseveration, above quoted, that, as "he hoped to be pardoned by Heaven, he *had rather be* PRINCIPAL *at any time than the* SECOND!" This is one point, which the reader will not fail to notice with particular attention. No one who heard him, could have failed to observe that Mr Wise repeated that remark with great emphasis—as much so, as if the following resolution had been present, in imperishable and flaming letters before him:

Resolved, That in the course pursued by *Henry A. Wise*, in managing and conducting the incidents of the duel after the first fire, there is evidence of *deep vindictive* MALIGNITY, and that he stands justly chargeable before the world, *upon his own showing* of having violated every principle of honorable chivalry, [illegible] *by availing himself of his position and the occasion* [illegible] *to glut his own feelings of private grudge and ill-will against* Mr CILLEY for a former supposed offence given by the deceased, not to his principal *Graves* but to himself, *Wise*—a course of conduct worthy of a *recreant* and a *dastard.*"

The above is but one of the numerous resolutions of similar import, to be seen in our public journals issued soon after the horrid deed was consummated. It is an expression of that same PUBLIC SENTIMENT, declared by Mr. Wise to be "*above the law.*" Hence the necessity of attempting to defend himself on that point; and hence the occasion of the no longer singular asseveration above quoted.

In reference to Mr Wise's *defence*, I have no further remarks to make. On that subject I only desired to show what I believed to be the *key* to certain parts of it, upon which I have commented. But have a still higher purpose in view than that of simply removing the flimsy veil, behind which Mr Wise doubtless fondly imagines he has concealed the real motives that actuated him in the fatal tragedy, in which he was so conspicuous and guilty an actor.

That a vast majority of the people of this country regard Mr Wise *as he should be regarded*, I will not for one moment allow myself to doubt. But notwithstanding such is the fact, it is neither to be concealed or denied, that he is one of the principal leaders, if not *the* leader of the federal party. Thus, when we view him in that capacity, a serious question at once presents itself to the consideration of the people—and by *the people*, I mean the honest and independent of *all* parties in this country. It is emphatically this: Will they and a party in its endeavor to prostrate an Administration eminently deserving their confidence and support, to give place to one, in which counsels and directions *such a man, with his kindred associates*, would inevitably exercise a *controlling influence?*

After a somewhat careful observation of *men and manners* in the Metropolis, during the late Session of Congress, my most thorough conviction is, that, the above is a question of deep importance, and one which the people, looking alone to the honor and welfare of their country, are called upon by the gravest considerations, to weigh in all candor and seriousness.

From the Boston Post.

This day, April 30th, completes the first half century of our national existence under our present form of government. Fifty years since George Washington took his oath of office, as first President of the United States, and then was commenced the trial of an experiment the most important ever essayed by human wisdom, and which, thus far, has been completely successful, and thereby has been the means of doing more to elevate the human character than all the events which have transpired since the advent of the Redeemer of mankind. The day should be a sacred one—sacred to calm reflection, to pure thoughts, and to an examination of the manner in which we have performed our duties as American citizens. Perhaps it is to be regretted that measures have not been taken throughout the country for a general observance of the day, that one universal voice of praise might have ascended from every part of this vast and "smiling land"; for it is fit and proper, we think, that anniversaries of great events should be publicly observed. But, if we choose, we can observe it in our hearts,—may we all do so, and may the effects of such observance be manifested in our future conduct.

The following interesting description of the inauguration of Washington, is copied from "Jay's Life and writings." It will be read with double interest on a day like the present:—

"The President reached New York on the 23d of April, and the 30th was fixed for his taking the oath of office. As this ceremony would go so far to complete the organization of the Government as to enable it to go into operation, it was thought proper that the citizens should unite in public supplication to heaven on the occasion. At nine o'clock in in the morning, all the churches were opened, and the several congregations assembled with their pastors to commend the Federal Government, and the individual who was placed at its head, to the favor and protection of the Almighty Ruler of nations. On the conclusion of this solemn and affecting duty, a procession was formed, under the direction of Congress, to accompany the President from his residence to the Hall of Congress. In the balcony of this edifice, the oath of office was administered to him, in the presence of a vast multitude. The President then delivered an address to Congress which he concluded with resorting once more to the benign Parent of the human race, in humble supplication, that since he had been pleased to favor the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquility and disposition for deciding with unparalleled unanimity, on a form of government for the security of their union, and the advancement of their happiness; so his divine blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged view, the temperate consultation, and the wise measures, on which the success of this government must depend.'

"Immediately after this address, the President, with both Houses of Congress, attended divine service, in St Paul's Church, to render their thanksgiving to the Supreme Being, for the peaceful and successful establishment of the new government, and to implore for it his future guidance and favor.

"Thus was the present edifice of the Federal Government founded by patriotism, and consecrated by piety; and to the wisdom and virtue of the builders must we ascribe its preservation, under Providence, amid the winds and floods which have so often beat vehemently against it."

From the Boston Advertiser.

The Mormon Bible.—The Boston Recorder of last week contains the following singular developement of the origin and history of the Mormon Bible. It accounts most satisfactorily for the existence of the book, a fact which heretofore it has been difficult to explain. It was difficult to imagine how a work containing so many indications of being the production of a cultivated mind, should be connected with a knavery so impudent, and a superstition so gross as that which must have characterized the founders of this pretended religious sect.—The present narrative, which independently of the attestations annexed, appears to be by no means improbable, was procured from the writer by Rev Mr Stow of Holliston, who remarks that he has had "occasion to come in contact with Mormonism in its grossest forms." It was communicated by him for publication in the Recorder.

Origin of the "Book of Mormon," or the "Golden Bible."—As this book has excited much attention and has been put by a certain new sect, in the place of the sacred scriptures, I deem it a duty which I owe to the public to state what I know touching its origin. That its claim to a divine origin are wholly unfounded, needs no proof to a mind unperverted by the grossest delusions. That any one person should rank it higher than any other merely human composition, is a matter of the greatest astonishment; yet it is received as divine by some who dwell in enlightened New England, and even by those who have sustained the character of devoted Christians. Learning recently that Mormonism has found its way into the church in Massachusetts, and has impregnated some of its members with its gross delusions, so that excommunication has become necessary, I am determined to delay no longer doing what I can to strip the mask from this monster of sin and to lay open this pit of abominations.

Rev. Solomon Spaulding, to whom I was united in marriage in early life, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for a lively imagination and a great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage, he resided in Cherry Valley, N. Y. From this place we removed to New Salem, Ashtabula County, Ohio; it is situated on Conneaut Creek. Shortly after our removal to this place, his health sunk, and he was laid aside from active labors. In the town of New Salem, there are numerous mounds, and forts, supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. These ancient relics arrest the attention of the new settlers and become objects for research for the curious.—Numerous implements were found and other articles evincing great skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man and passionately fond of history, took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity: and in order to beguile the hours of retirement and furnish employment for his lively imagination, he conceived the idea of giving an *historical sketch of this lost race.* Their extreme antiquity of course would lead him to write in *the most ancient style*, and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as nearly as possible. His sole object in writing this *historical romance* was to amuse himself and his neighbors. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit, occurred near the same time, and I recollect the date well from that circumstance. As he progressed in his narative, the neighbors would come in from time to time to hear portions read and a great interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by *one of the lost nation*, and to have been *recovered from the earth*, and, assumed the title of "Manuscript Found." The neighbors would often inquire how Mr S. progressed in deciphering "the manuscript," and when he had sufficient portion prepared he would inform them, and they would assemble to hear it read. He was enabled from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce *many singular names*, which were particularly noticed by the people and could be easily recognized by them. Mr Solomon Spaulding had a brother, Mr John Spaulding residing in the place at the time; who was perfectly familiar with the work and repeatedly heard the whole of it read.

From New Salem we removed to Pittsburgh, Pa. Here Mr S. found an acquaintance and friend, in the person of Mr Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr P. who was very much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it a long time and informed Mr S. that if he would make out a title page and preface, he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit. This Mr S. refused to do for reasons which I cannot now state. Sidney Rigdon,* who has figured so largely in the history of the Mormons, was at this time connected with the printing office of Mr Patterson, as is well known in that region, and as Rigdon himself has frequently stated. Here he had ample opportunity to become acquainted with Mr Spaulding's manuscript and to copy it if he choose. It was a matter of notoriety and interest to all who were

connected with the printing establishment. At length the manuscript was returned to its author and soon after we removed to Amity, Washington county, Pa. where Mr. S. deceased in 1816. The manuscript then fell into my hands and was carefully preserved. It has frequently been examined by my daughter, Mrs. McKenstry, of Monson, Mass. with whom I now reside, and by other friends.

After the "Book of Mormon" came out, a copy of it was taken to New Salem the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence and the very place where the "Manuscript Found" was written. A woman preacher appointed a meeting there, and in the meeting read and repeated copious extracts from the "Book of Mormon." The historical part was immediately recognized by all the older inhabitants, as the identical work of Mr. S. in which they had been so deeply interested years before.. Mr John Spaulding was present, who is an eminently pious man and *recognized perfectly* the work of his brother. He was amazed and afflicted, that it should have been perverted for so wicked a purpose. His grief found vent in a flood of tears, and he arose on the spot and expressed in the meeting his deep sorrow and regret, that the writings of his sainted brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking.—The excitement in New Salem became so great that the inhabitants had a meeting and deputed Dr. Philastus Hurlburt, one of their number to repair to this place and to obtain from me the original manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible to satisfy their own minds and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive.—This was in the year 1834. Dr. Hurlburt brought with him an introduction and request for the manuscript, signed by Messrs Henry Lake, Aaron, Wright and others, with all whom I was acquainted, as they were my neighbors when I resided in New Salem.

I am sure that nothing could grieve my husband more, than the use which has been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown about the composition, doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to the purposes of delusion. Thus an historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions and extracts from the sacred Scriptures, has been constructed into a new Bible and palmed off upon a company of poor deluded fanatics, as divine. I have given the previous brief narration, that this work of deep deception and wickedness my be searched to the foundation, and its author exposed to the contempt and execration he so justly deserves. MATILDA DAVISON.

Rev. Solomon Spaulding was the first husband of the narrator of the above history.—Since his decease, she has been married to a second husband by the name of Davison. She is now residing in this place; is a woman of irreproachable character and humble Christian, and her testimony is worthy of implicit confidence.

A. Ely, D. D. Pastor Cong. Church in Monson.

D. R. Austin, Principle of Monson Academy.

Monson, Mass. April 1st, 1839.

*One of the leaders and founders of the sect.

MORE CONNECTIONS.—Capt. Rines of Bangor, has addressed the following letter to the Editor of the "Whig & Courier" who shows *his sense of justice*, by declaring that he "shall not recant." This is the true Federal doctrine, to do wrong and brazen it out.

SIR:—I have noticed with regret several communications in your paper severely censuring the conduct of Major H. Strickland, charging him with mismagement and cowardice in relation to the Aroostook expedition, in the execution of his duties as Sheriff of the County of Penobscot. Having been engaged with him from the commencement to the close of this expedition, and an eye witness to all that transpired in that affair, I feel it my imperative duty to offer to the public through the columns of you paper, my unequivocal declarations of the falsity of the vituperations contained in the communications alluded to above—and feel myself constrained to say, in justice to Major Strickland, and which I do say, unreservedly and without fear of contradiction, by any candid intelligent man, of any political party—that in the discharge of his relative duties, he was prompt, energetic, and unshrinking—and I take this occasion to add that whoever stigmatizes him as a coward, is either (or both) grossly ignorant of the man, or disposed, without the slighest cause, to misrepresent him to the public. I will further add, that I have carefully examined a communication in vindication of the Hon. Rufus McIntire and Major Strickland relative to the Aroostook expedition, publi hed in the Democrat of the 9th inst. and pronounce the statements therein set forth correct.

STOVER RINES.

Old Town, April 25, 1839.

Small Bills.—An unsuccessful attempt was made in the Legislature of Virginia, a short time previous to the close of the recent session to suspend the operation of the law which prohibits the banks of that State from issuing notes under ten dollars. The proposition was rejected—and, of course, the banks will issue no notes under the denomination of ten dollars after the fist of July next.

The Swartwout Committee.—The investigating committee pursued their inquiries, for a long time, in New York. The result of the recent election shows what the people there think of their labors. A few more *such* committees, and similar arbitrary investigation, would be of great service to the Democracy. [Argus.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 7, 1839.

Money! Money!!

We earnestly request those of our subscribers who are indebted to us for the Democrat for one or more years to pay, at least a part of what is due, immediately. We are subject to great inconvenience and embarrassment in consequence of the neglect of those who do not pay promptly.

Those residing out of town can remit the amount due by mail directed to the Postmaster, Paris, Me. which will be promptly receipted for.

Those in this town we shall be very happy to wait upon at the Democrat Office.

All indebted for Advertising or Job Printing whose accounts have been standing more than three months will oblige us by settling without delay or further notice.

FOREIGN NEWS. The intelligence from England by the recent arrivals, bringing advice since the action of Congress was known, and the transfer of the seat of negotiation from London to Washington, give assurance that argument, and not arms, will soon adjust the rights and preserve the honor and peace of the two countries The honorable spirit and good temper manifested by the British press, since the news of the border troubles reached England, it being so different from what was anticipated, encourages the belief that the difficulties will be settled, and our rights conceded, without unnecessary delay. The declarations of some of the leading statesmen strengthen this encouragement. We have made some extracts which will be found in another column.

BUSINESS. We learn from our exchange papers that business in New York, Boston, and other places, is good. The prospect ahead is represented to be bright and cheering. Trade, and all kinds of business have revived from a state of almost utter prostration. The recovery has been slow, but it has been sure, and will prove permanent. Land bubbles, paper money bubbles, and political panics, have been succeeded by a better state of things. Dreams and visions have given place to sober waking realities, and confidence and sanity now prevail.

MAINE MILITIA SYSTEM.

No. I.

MR. EDITOR,—I have long been waiting with impatience to hear from some one, who wields a ready pen, through some of our public Journals—upon the subject of our present Militia system. Thus far, I have waited in vain. I would not be here understood to say, that our weekly periodicals are entirely *silent*, upon this subject: still I do say—that whenever it has been hit upon, by them, as a general thing it has been commenced, and left, without scarcely entering at all, into its merits, or demerits.

Recent events in Maine must have convinced every one of the absolute necessity of a well organized and disciplined Militia. These events have shown to a demonstration that without this bullwark of defence; we should be in an exposed, and unsafe condition. If any have heretofore had doubts of the propriety, and necessity of this, they must *now* be removed. This being the case, it should be our main study, to get into operation a system, as *perfect* as possible.

Our present system is acknowledged, on all hands to be a tolerable good one, still no one will deny, that it has errors, or pretend that it cannot be *improved*—From the examination I have been able to make into the subject, I have become convinced that the system *itself*, is not so defective, as the *means* which are used to carry it into operation. It is a very easy thing to destroy the *good effect*, designed to be produced by *any* Law however good, or wholesome. Its most radical principles may be grossly perverted; and those whose duty it is to execute, and obey it, may by negligence, and improper conduct, render it in a measure null and void.

If our present Militia system is defective, it should be our first study—to examine into, and trace out the evils, in order that we may apply a remedy. We must know *where* they are and *what* they are before they can be cured.

For the purpose of directing public attention to this important subject; I propose to give a few of may own thoughts and suggestions, in a series of Letters which, Mr. Editor if you think worthy a place in the Democrat, and will be of any public service, you my insert in your paper;—otherwise, I will guarantee that no offence shall be given if they are "laid *on* or *under* the table."

It will not be my particular intention or design to mark out any *new track*—or conjure up new and untried plans,—or enter into vain and useless speculations upon the subject; for from a course like this I believe no possible good could arise.

It is a well known fact, that for years, the system of which I am now speaking—has been very *unpopular*, at least in the eyes of many:—and many have thought it almost a disgrace to do Military duty To give some of the principal *reasons* why this state of feeling in the community has been brought about, will be my main object, and intention—and in the mean time, if I can be the humble instrument, in any degree of waking up the community and calling their attention to a just, and proper consideration of this important subject, my highest ambition will be gratified, and my most sanguine expectations realized. J. J. P.

May 4th, 1839.

There can be nothing more self-evident than that any one engaged in business of any kind should have everything perfectly adapted to the particular kind of business he is to perform. In a world so diversified as ours, there must necessarily be a great diversity of occupations, consequently requiring as great a diversity of qualifications to ensure the successful prosecution of all kinds of business. To conduct business successfully, it is not only necessary that one commencing should perfectly understand his business, but be well prepared with the proper *implements*. There is no branch of business in which this idea needs to be more strictly enforced and carried into practice, than in farming. It would be considered absurd in the highest degree for a man to purchase a farm and commence operations upon it without tools, or with nothing but a shovel, a hoe, an axe, and a woodsled. Yet such a case is known personally to myself. Perhaps I should add an oxyoke and chains, or rather one chain and a piece, but these were absolutely all the farming tools I recollect to have seen about the premises, with the exception of an old wooden plough, which was held from "parting asunder" by two large spikes! and this too at the house of a man who prided himself upon being a first rate farmer, and was considered to be worth some hundreds. I am aware that this is a case which does not frequently occur, but as fully believe there are quite too many approximations to it among my brother farmers. There is nothing connected with the business of farming which should more be a subject of thought and require more attention than the proper adaptation and qualities of farming tools—Every implement used in husbandry should not only be of the form and size best calculated to perform what is required of it with ease and facility to the one using it, but should be made of the very best materials. An axe, for instance, may be a perfect beauty, and yet instead of being layed with first rate cast steel, which is hard and tough enough to withstand any hard knocks, and will polish sufficiently smooth to cast the brightest reflection, is layed with a poor quality of steel which it is impossible to grind smooth enough to work with ease, and of so brittle a nature, or so filled with flaws, as to be continually breaking, thereby subjecting the owner to great inconvenience, to say nothing of the expense which is not trifling. The same is true in regard to many other implements. But there are many tools in use among farmers which do not partake of either of these qualities adaptation and comliness of form, or excellence of quality in the material. Any one who is at all aquainted with the state of affairs among the farmers in this part of the country must know that public opinion is not as correct as it ought to be on this subject. Many practical farmers, who have had much experience in the business, are guilty of using tools of the most uncouth and clumsy description. This is a great evil, and the practice cannot be too much disproved. The comparative ease with which labor is performed with utensils of a good quality is a consideration of no trifling importance. The difference in the space of time occupied in doing work is another consideration of equal importance. It is an acknowledged fact, that a laborer can perform the same amount of labor in much less time, and with greater ease to himself, with tools properly made and of good materials, than with such as are of an inferior description. And the superior manner in which work is done with good tools, when compared with poor, is a consideration which deserves serious attention. In fact I consider that there is nothing of more importance to the farmer, than that every utensil should not only be of the best kind, but the best of the kind. The ease and facility with which work is done, will far outweigh the extra trouble and expense of procuring such

ELEAZAR.

DISTINCTIONS IN SOCIETY. Under a republican government like ours no distinctions in society should be encouraged which are not founded upon the relative virtue and intelligence of its members. Yet men, who are neither more virtuous or better informed than their neighbors, are frequently heard talking about the different classes of society, and ranking themselves as the very lords of community, and these claims are allowed, and these men looked up to as something more than ordinary mortals:

The nearer we approach the barbarous and degraded portions of the globe, the stronger and more arbitrary do these distinctions become. Among the Hottentots, a man is esteemed noble, who wears a strip of crimson cloth about his middle and a pair of yellow slippers upon his feet, and looks with contempt upon the common people. The African chief, dressed out like some school boy warrior in rags, thinks himself licensed to pillage and murder the naked wretches who surround him.—In this country, too, so famed for its free institutions and the intelligence of the people, we have wealthy and powerful men, in whose swaggering step and authoritative voice, we can trace the same noble pride, the same haughty mein, the same gleamings of sense and manhood, which dignify the haughty negro who will not drink out of the same spring with his neighbor, it perchance, he has one ornament less in his tawny ears than himself

Like humble and fettered slaves we neglect modest merit and honest poverty and follow in the wake of worthless wealth and foolish fashion. The greatest men that have lived in America, are men who have broken through these miserable distinctions and risen from what are called the lowest classes,—from among the honest and industrious poor—rather than from among the extravagant and fashionable ranks of society. From among these same classes of society must come the great the good and learned men of future times. In these men the only true aristocracy—the aristocracy of virtue and intelligence—is destined to have a powerful triumph over the artificial distinctions of wealth and fashion.

THE OPPOSITION.

It has been truly said that the federalists are not entitled to the name of a *party*. They are nothing better that a *faction*—a discontented, restless, power seeking faction. Their whole policy is *opposition*—their great rallying cry, *prevention*. So Mr. Webster declared at the great bebauch in Faneuil Hall. So Mr. Adams once felt himself compelled to confess, when he said that they were united by *a common hatred against all good men*. And so, too, which is better evidence, their history declares, and their conduct proves. Look at their course, in the late Congess, defeating every plan for the management of the National finances which the democrats brought forward, and substituting none of their own—leaving the treasury at the discretion of that very Executive, whose ability and integrity they had wasted so much breath and ink in depreciating. Look, too, at their course, in our own State, upon the boundary question—voting, in the Legislature, for *one* mode of proceeding, and, then, going out, and opposing the Executive, for pursuing their own recommendation—first deprecating *war*, and then lamenting an honorable adjustment of difficulties. Can men, pursuing such a line of policy, hope to be successful with the American People! Will the honest and candid of *any* party, uphold a faction who aim, in the language of their great high Priest, 'for the *prevention*, rather than the *attainment* of any positive good?'—*Eastern Argus.*

☞ISAAC HILL. No man has been more furiously assailed by the enemies of democracy in N. Hampshire, than Isaac Hill—and no man has ever deserved or received, a larger share of the confidence of its friends. His attachment to the true interest of his country, has been alike unwavering in 'weal and woe," and from the commencement of his public carreer—his honesty and patriotism have been constantly demonstrated by the malignity of a party whose leaders are possessed of neither. Had his course to the distinguished honor he has received, been through the more aristocratic road of inherited wealth—collegiate education and powerful family connections—the malignity of his enemies would have been less untiring and the attachment of his friends less merited. It is the plain fact that he began life a poor unfriended boy, and has carved out his own way, by a life of honesty, patriotism, and untiring industry—the fact that he is a self made man—that binds him to the democracy of the Granite State, and secures him the distinguished honor of being *constantly* attacked by its enemies.

Coos County Democrat.

☞*Whig sub-treasurers.*—Bodies without souls known by the name of banks and provided with from six to twenty-four pairs of legs a piece to run away with the public money, besides a *corporation privilege* of converting it to their own use—without running away!—Coos Dem.

☞Daniel Webster, since he cannot go out to England at the nation's expense, has concluded to go out at his own. He is to go in the Great Western with his family, to exchange courtesies with his political brethern, the tores of England, and will return just in season—to make a great 'panic speech' about the third week of the next session.—Coos County Democrat.

LOCO FOCOISM vs. JACK CADE.

The National Intelligencer of this morning has a long article devoted to what it calls 'Loco-Focoism,' which it represents as embodied in SHAKESPEARE'S *Jack Cade.*

SHAKESPEARE'S Jack Cade is, it seems to us, rather a representation of some of the principles of modern 'Whigery.'

'My father was a Mortimer,' says Jack, 'my mother a Plantaganet, my wife descended of the Lacies.'

Here we find Jack boasting of his connection with nobility and royalty, just as modern Whigs do when among themselves, and when they can find any one silly enough to listen to them.

'Valiant I am—I am able to endure much—I fear neither sword nor fire. Be brave then, for your captain is brave, and vows *reformation*.'

How much this is like the speeches of certain bragadocio Whigs in Congress. We need not mention names. The reader's memory will supply them.

'There shall be no money.'

The Whig doctrine exactly. To what do all the efforts of Whigs tend, but to leave the country without a standard or measure of value—to banish Gold and silver—and leave us with nothing but paper? Jack was evidently no friend to the 'Specie Humbug.'

That he was a cordial support of the 'credit system,' is plain from the following passage:

'Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities on our bills?

'Cade. Marry, presently.

'All. O brave!'

Here we find Jack and all his comrades supporting the political economy of the National Intelligencer. 'There shall be no money, and we will take up commodities on our bills.'—The credit system exactly. Whiggery to the back bone! And yet the Editor of the Intelligencer wishes to have this primitive opponent of metallic medium, and cordial supporter of 'the credit system' regarded as embodying the spirit of 'Loco-Focoism!'—*Globe.*

NEW WORK IN PRESS.

A few days ago we had presented us a specimine copy of a new work, entitled "*The New England Gazetteer,*" containing Descriptions of all the States, Counties and Towns, in New-England." As far as we have been enabled to examine its pages, it answers more than our expectation of the utility of this work. It is a volume of between five and six hundred pages octavo form; written in good style, comprehensive and correct; and embraces statistical facts and historical delineations, well worth double the amount of the subscription price, (which is $1,50) to any man of business, literary, travelling or pleasurable pursuits. A succinct description of the Mountains, Rivers, Springs, Lakes, Ponds, Capes, Bays, Harbours, Islands, Caves, Romantic Scenery and Fashionable Resorts within our own New-England, is given and arranged in Alphabetical order.—It is compiled by JOHN HAYWARD, known as the talented author of the Columbian Traveller, and many other interesting works. The author deserves much from the public for his industry and preseverance in bringing out this work, and it should be in the hands of every son of New-England, as well as in those of other States, who would learn the history of our Country. It is to be issued to subscribers, from the press at Boston, and to subscribers only, in about four or five weeks, delivered at their places of abode, and in no case to be sold at the book stores. Any one travelling throug New England, for business or pleasure, must find this an indispensible companion; and, in fine, is decidedly the best work of the kind we have ever seen. It is ornamented with several elegant plates, and is printed on good paper and fair type. Any one can see a copy by calling at our office.—*Dover Gazette.*

Female Counterfeiter.—A young woman, named Elizabeth Johnson, alias Rivers complained against for passing altered bills, was arrested by Constable Pierce, and brought up for examination yesterday afternoon; Mr. Park appeared as counsil. She pretends to have received the altered bills, which she passed, from a man, but admits that she knew they were altered; but as a bottle containing gum arabic was found at her room in Lynde street, is is probable that she operated on her own account. Her plan of operations was simple; she would obtain at the shops round, good fives for ones; and from each five cut off a corner with the figure or word five. With these clipped corners she would make five of ones, by striking the corners of the former over the latter. The fives were considered none the worse for having lost an ear. It was proved that she passed to different persons three bills thus altered—viz: two on the South Bank, and one on the Charles River bank. Incidentally it appeared that she has been connected in some way with Sarah Vincent, a girl who was bound over on Wednesday for stealing from the house of Mr. Smith of Lynde street, and also with Huse, the infamous scoundrel, who was taken upon Sunday last for obscene indecency in Mount Vernon street. In default of bonds in $900 she was committed. Her counsel gave her case up as hopelessly desperate.—*Boston Post.*

Lime your Orchards.—The effect of lime on grounds in which fruit trees are planted, is stated to be very beneficial; it improves their health and promotes their growth, and is said to impove the quality of the fruit. The food or pasture of the trees is increased in quantity, and improved in quality by the application; and it is doubtless an important agent in destroying the grubs and worms which are so destructive to fruit trees by the wounds which they inflict, as well on the tender absorbent fibres of the roots, as on the branches and trunk.

The good effects of lime on apple and peach trees are perceptible in a short time, and it is believed equal benefit will be derived from its application to all other kinds of fruit trees. Let us try without delay, for it is universally known that good fruit is never produced by an unhealty tree.—*Far. Cab.*

MARRIED.

In Turner, Mr. Samuel Hobbs of Livermore, to Miss Laura Ann Jones of T[illegible]

In Minot, Mr. Samuel Fogg of Greene, to Miss Abigail C. Baily of M. Mr. Washington Wright to Miss Amelia H. Glover. Mr. Nathaniel P. Sleeper to Miss Dorcas Wright.

DIED.

In Tamworth, N. H., Mr. Jonathan Mason, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 93. He was born in Nottingham. He was once taken prisoner by the British, and being brought before Burgoyne, the General said to him, "Well my lad, what do you think of yourself now?" His reply was, "I think you will all be prisoners within two weeks." The General then replied with an oath, "All the Yankees in America cannot make a prisoner of me." In three weeks from that day, he and his army were made prisoners.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF OXFORD COUNTY.

NOTICE is hereby given that there will be a meeting at the Court House on Paris Hill, on Wednesday (of Court week) the 22d inst. at six o'clock P. M. for the purpose of forming a "YOUNG MEN'S COUNTY LYCEUM." It is hoped that all who feel an interest in the object will be present at the first meeting.

At the request of many.

MORE NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have commenced trade under the name and firm of

THAYER & HARLOW,

with a large stock of new Goods very cheap for ready pay. The stock consists of BROADCLOTHS & CASSIMERES of various shades; Satinetts, Buckskins, Drillings, Vestings, CALICOES, about 20 pieces the handsomest ever offered in this market.—Mouselain de lain, a new article; fig'd and plain Lawns, Cambrics, Muslins, Laces, Edgings, Silks, Satins, Ribbons, Scarfs and Fancy Hdkfs a large assortment the best that could be selected in Boston. Sheetings, Tickings, Gloves and Hosiery together with a general assortment of DRY GOODS too numerous to mention.

KID SHOES, Mole skin and Silk HATS, Caps, Umbrellas and Parasols. Crockery, Glass, and Hard Ware. W. I. Goods and Groceries.

Purchasers are requested to call before they buy elsewhere. JOEL B. THAYER.

ISAAC HARLOW.

Paris, May 7, 1839. 3tf

Administrator's Sale.

PUBLIC sale at Public Auction, at the Store of Crocker and Standish in Sumner, by virtue of a license from the Probate Court for the County of Oxford, on Saturday the eight day of June next at two of the clock in the afternoon, so much of the Real estate lately belonging to Joshua Ford, late of Sumner, deceased, including the reversion of the widows right of Dower, as will produce the sum of seventy dollars. Said real estate consists of the north half of lot Number thirteen in the fourth Range, containing sixty eight acres more or less, and one right in the Congregational Meeting house in said Sumner consisting of one pew and part of another in said house. For terms and particulars, apply at the time of sale to SIMEON BARRATT, Adm'r.

Sumner May 1st 1839 3w38.

Assessors' Notice.

THE Assessors of the town of Paris will be in Session at their Office, in said town, on Monday and Tuesday the 13th and 14th days of May next, from eight o'clock A. M until six o'clock P. M. for the purpose of taking an inventory of the Polls, and Estates of the inhabitants of said town. Per order of the Chairman.

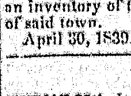
April 30, 1839.

FOUND,

THE 25th day of April on the premises of Josiah J Knight in Paris, a small DRAFT CHAIN. The owner can have the same by proving property, and paying for this Advertisement, on application at this Office.

May 4, 1839.

W. W. PRIOR & SONS



WILL make sales of Trees & Cuttings of the Genuine Chinese Morus Multicaulis, Morus Expansa, Alpine, Bronssor Canton and other varieties, delivered to the purchasers immediately or at such period in the spring as is convenient to them and will enter into contracts accordingly. Prices and Terms for the Trees and Cuttings will be forwarded to all who may apply for them by Mail, as well as prices of Silk Worms Eggs, Mulberry Seeds, &c. The Multicauli Trees are remarkably vigorous, and as we first imported the Genuine tree, purchasers are sure of obtaining the true kind. It is from this cause and from the great attention paid by them that the trees they have sold have given universal satisfaction.

N. B. Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Plants & Seeds can be supplied to order as usual.

Flushing, near New York.

March 25th 1839. 13t3

HENRY M. COLEMAN,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

FORWAY, ME.

All business communicated by Mail, or otherwise, promptly attended to. 13t3

SURVEYOR'S BILLS

For sale at this Office.

Paris, we believe, is the head quarters of the Spirit of Romance in real life, whether of the pleasing or terrible. Not long since, at a public mesquerade in one of the theatres, a young milliner, dressed as a Scottish lassie, repaired thither for the purpose of discovering, if possible, whether her lover, to whom she was betrothed, had not estranged his effections.—Moving slowly among the grotesque and variegated throng, she at last discovered her 'flame.' She engaged him in conversation with an altered voice, for a while, and finally ventured to ask him after his Lucille. 'Oh,' said he gaily, 'I am tried of her—she has outlived my liking.' Her arm dropped from his carelessly, and she sauntered about the vast area, trying to ascertain where the fair one lived who had called off the regards of her friends form herself. She succeeded—knew the street they would pass in return home, which was the one in which she herself resided. She preceded them, cautiously, a few rods in advance—ascended to the topmost room of he dwelling, and flung herself a mangled and lifeless corpse at her faithless lover's feet.

A Chance for Girls—The editor of the Bangor Whig, who appears to have been looking very closely into family matters lately, states, as a curious fact, that in all Bangor at the present time, there is not to be found a single *old maid*—but *old bachelors* are monstrous plenty.

A good one. The following is from the Concord Gazette.

Tommy Tipple always has an excuse to give, whenever he calls for any thing to drink. He went into the tavern the other day, and said to the bar keeper, "Ahem! let us have a glass of brandy—I'm going to have fish for dinner!"

Notice of Foreclosure.

THE undersigned hereby gives public notice that he holds a Mortgage executed to him by Sylvanus Fogg, of Baileyville in the County of Washington, dated the twenty-third day of July, A. D. 1838. of a certain piece of land situated in Hebron in the County of Oxford—being the farm which was formerly owned by William Fogg, for a more full description of which premises, reference is had to said Deed of Mortgage from said Sylvanus Fogg to the undersigned Samuel S. Bicknell, dated as aforesaid and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds Book 54, Page 576.

The said Sylvanus Fogg having failed to fulfill the conditions of said mortgage, the undersigned claims to have possession of said mortgaged premises, for condition broken, for the purpose of foreclosing the aforesaid.

SAMUEL S. BICKNELL.

Paris, April 25, 1839. *3w37

Commissioners' Notice.

WE having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of *JOHN PIERCE*, late of Hiram, in said County, deceased, and whose estate is represented insolvent, give notice that six months commencing the twenty-third day of April 1839, have been allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend the service assigned us at the Selectmen's Office in said Hiram on Saturday the 27th day of July and the 31st day of August and the 28th day of September next.

Dated this 23d day of April 1839.

BEN BARKER,
JAMES EVANS.

Freedom.

THIS anny certify that I have this day given my son JAMES L. SHACKLEY his time, with power to act and trade for himself during his minority; and that I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debt or debts of his contracting after this date.

JOSEPH SHACKLEY.

Norway, April 22, 1839. *4w36

Cheap for Cash!

A. K. SHURTLEFF, & CO.

HAVE for Sale

150 DRUMS SMYRNA FIGS,
40 Boxes LEMONS & ORANGES
25 Casks Mataga & Smyrna RASINS.
50 Boxes do do
25 Half & qr. Boxes do

Portland, April 2d, 1839. 6wis34

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:

At a Court of Common Pleas begun and holden at Paris in and for said county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D. 1838.

JOHN D. DYER of Boston, in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Gentleman, Plaintiff, v Timothy G. Hadley and Henry G. Hadley, both of Denmark, Traders, and Benjamin Barker, of Hiram, Esquire, all in said County of Oxford, Defendants, in a plea of the case, in which the plaintiff declares upon a promissory note for seventy dollars and four cents, dated the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1836, payable in six months to one William Dyer or order, and signed by the defendants, and endorsed by the said William Dyer to the plaintiff. It being suggested to the Court that at the time of making and service of the writ in this action, two of the defendants, to wit: Timothy G. Hadley and Henry G. Hadley, were residing out of the limits of this State,

It is therefore, ORDERED, That notice of the pending of this suit be published in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at said Paris, three weeks successively, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next Term of this Court to be holden at said Paris on the second Tuesday in June next, that the said Timothy and Henry may then and there appear, if they see fit, and defend in said action.

Attest—THOMAS CLARK, CLERK.

A true Copy,

[3w36] Attest—J. G. COLE, CLERK.

Mortgagee's Notice.

WHEREAS, I THADDEUS BROWN of Waterford in the County of Oxford, hold a Mortgage, executed to me by John Grover of Bethel in said county, bearing date the eighteenth day of May A. D. 1837, duly recorded in the District Registry for said County, Book 51, page 224, of a certain parcel of land situated in the town of Bethel, aforesaid, and for a description of the premises reference may be had to the said Book and page:—Now, therefore, be it known, that the conditions of said mortgage have been broken, and I give this notice for the purpose of foreclosing.

THADDEUS BROWN.

Waterford, April 15th, 1839. 3w36

Public Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that Solomon Charles conveyed, by deed of Mortgage, dated September 16, A. D. 1828, to the undersigned, ANN A. BARROWS then and now wife of the undersigned, JOHN S. BARROWS, a certain tract or parcel of Land, situated in *Bradley and Eastman's Grant, so called*, now in the town of Stow in the County of Oxford, containing one hundred and fifty acres, more or less. For a particular description of the premises, reference may be had to the *District Registry of Deeds* in said County, Book 12, page 455. The condition of said Deed having been broken, by reason thereof the undersigned claim to foreclose said mortgage as provided by the Laws of this State.

JOHN S. BARROWS,
ANN A. BARROWS.

Fryeburg, April 19th, 1839. 3w36

NEW GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON BY

J. HOWE & SON,

AT the Store formerly occupied by FRANCIS BEMIS, Esq. on Paris Hill, a splendid assortment of NEW GOODS, consisting of

Blue, Black, Brown, Green, Invisible Green, Claret and Drab

BROACLOTHS,

Black, Drab, Stone and Mixed **KERSEYMERES.**

SATTINETTS & BUCKSKINS.

Silk, Satin, White and Buff **VESTINGS.**

English, French, and American **CALICOES,** about one hundred pieces.

PINK and WHITE FLORENCE **SILKS,** SATINS, &c. And an elegant assortment of

RIBBONS.

Bobinnett and Grecian Lace, Cambrics, Lawns, Edgings, Insertion, &c

Black Lace and Green Gauze **VEILS.** BONNETTS of various kinds. Fancy Hdkfs, &c.

Bleached and unbleached

Sheetings & Shirtings.

Bedtickings.

Warp Yarn, Batting, Wadding, and Wicking.

Brown & Irish LINNEN Damask Table Cloths, &c.

KID, white and black PIC NIC **GLOVES,**

Ladies and Gents HOSIERY.

A large assortment of **KID SHOES.**

Brush and Napt HATS, CAPS, and Umbrellas.

A large assortment of

Crockery, Glass & Hard Ware.

—ALSO—

W. I. GOODS AND GROCERIES.

Together with as large an assortment of articles too numerous to particularize as is usually found in a country Store. Purchasers are invited to call and examine for themselves Terms cash or approved credit.

WANTED, in exchange for Goods at cash prices, all kinds of Country Produce.

April 22, 1839. 3tf

Land to be sold at Auction.

PURSUANT to License from the Court of Probate for the County of Oxford, the subscriber will sell at public Auction on the premises in Canton in said county, on Saturday the eleventh day of May next at one o'clock in the afternoon, unless previously disposed of at private sale, all the real estate belonging to Amos Perley Bradford Martha Drew Brandford, and Sarah Smith Monroe, all minors and grand children of AMOS PERLEY late of said Canton, deceased, and devisees in the last Will and Testament of the said Amos Perley deceased.

Said real estate consists of about fifteen acres of superior meadow land, commonly known by the name of "the Timothy Meadow." About twelve or fifteen acres of the homestead farm in the North west corner near the School house. And five acres by measure from off said farm on the South side of the County road, adjoining land belonging to Capt. David Hinley and on the dividing line between the towns of Canton and Livermore, the westerly line of said five acres being paralell with the town line aforesaid.

Terms will be made known at the time and place of sale. IRA THOMPSON.

Livermore, April 11th, 1839. 3w35

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having disposed of his Stock in trade requests those who have accounts with him to call and settle.

☞ Those whose notes and accounts have been one year standing are *again* reminded that they *must be settled* without *delay* or *further notice.*

FRANCIS BEMIS.

April 11th, 1839. 35

A. K. SHURTLEFF, & CO.

HAVE FOR SALE opposite Messrs. DANA, SMITH & Co.

2 pipes HOLLAND GIN.
2 Hhds Sr. CROIX RUM.
5 " Jm do do
2 half Pipes COGNAC BRANDY.
3 Bas. Im. do do
20 Brs Am GIN & BRANDY.
5 Casks SICILY WINE.
2 do SHERRY do.
2 do PORT do.

PORTLAND, April 2d, 1839. 6wis34.

WHEREAS, I have this day given my sons, Hanford Paine and Jacob Paine, full liberty and power to transact business for themselves during their minority; and I hereby give notice that I shall neither claim their earnings nor pay debts of their contracting after this date. DAVIS PAINE.

Attest—WILLIAM NOYES.

Greenwood, April 17, 1839. *3w36

DOCT. JOHNSON'S

AMERICAN

ANODYNE LINIMENT,

OR

Liquid Opodeldoc,

PREPARED AND INTENDED FOR

***Internal & External* use;**

FOR SALE BY

W. E. GOODNOW,

NORWAY.

THIS article has become a STANDARD MEDICINE, and enjoys the high privilege of being known and patronized by a great portion of the Medical Faculty throughout the State of Maine

☞ The inventor and proprietor of this preparation was in the regular and constant practice of medicine for twenty years—has been preparing this article for the last fifteen years, and, with full confidence, offers it to the public as the result of his EXPERIENCE and best efforts.

No better remedy can be taken in all cases where an anti-spasmodic is needed; such as hard dry Cough, Hooping Cough, Hoarseness, and common Colds, Pain and Soreness in the Lungs, Stomach and sides, caused by lifting or otherwise; for Stranguary, Asthma and Influenza; for sore Throat, weak Lungs, &c. &c.

Externally it will have the most happy effects in all cases where any other Opodeldoc would be used, especially for Chilblains, Cracked Hands, and sore Lips—There is nothing of equal efficacy to this for Horses and Oxen, where they are corked, cut, bruised, strained or chafed by the harness, for Ringbones, &c, and it possesses more than double the power of any other Opodeldoc.

Price 37½ cents.

—ALSO—

JOHNSON'S

RED OINTMENT,

A certain cure for the

ITCH, TETTERS, RINGWORM, SCALD-HEAD

and a great variety of Cutaneous Eruptions. Always safe. Price 25 cents.

March 22, 1836. eow3w32

FOUND.

IN the road near Levi Rawson's, about one mile north of Paris-Hill, the 31st ult., a BEAR SKIN, supposed to have been dropped from the carriage of some traveller. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this Advertisement, on application at this Office.

April 1, 1839.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

PARIS, ME.

All business by Mail, or otherwise promptly attended to

SOMETHING TO

THINK ABOUT.

PAIN cannot exist but from *Corrupt Particles* being seated in the identical part where the pain is experienced. These corrupt particles when in great volume (quantity) are the *Positive cause of death.*

It is a solemn truth that corruption terminates the existence of all created beings; the importance of its speedy removal from the body, when by any causes it has accumulated, is therefore self evident; not only *Health*, but existence, being absolutely endangered by its existence.

Let us then acknowledge that the only sure means of preventing and curing disease, is the speedy removal of *Corrupt Humors* from the body. *Disease* being only another name for *Corruption*, and *Corruption* or *Corrupt Humors* being identified in all cases as *Impurity of Blood.*

Purgative Medicine, when resorted to in season, that is while there is there is sufficient vitality remaining in the system, will certainly remove corruption; thus the blood is purified; thus chronic diseases and premature death are prevented; thus those whose lives are of the utmost consequence to their country, and families, are often saved.

The importance of this discovery of curing diseases after ages will do justice: Dr. Benjamin Brandreth will not then be styled an 'ignorant pretender.' But that will neither please nor offend him; in the rectitude of his own acts, in the quiet of his own conscience, is his reward. And he gives this his *solemn pledge* that his medicine shall be always equal to what it ever has been; and that no expense shall be spared in its manufacture—and the making of it he attends to personally.

SYNOPSIS OF FACTS.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are universally used in every section of this wide extended country where they are made known. Upwards of fourteen thousand cases of cure have been certified as having been effected solely from their use since the introduction of them into the United States establishing the fact beyond all doubt that the Brandreth Pills cure the (apparently) most opposite diseases by the one simple act of continually evacuating the bowels with them, until the disease gives way; therefore, whatever may be said of the *theory*, the *utility* of the *practice* is now *beyond all doubts.*

Dr. B. allows that the curative effect depends on the *Purgative Qualities* of the *Brandreth Pills*; experience and a continuation of experiment for upwards of forty years have made them the most judiciously balanced purge known. Therefore, however long it may be necessary to persevere with them for the removal of any disease, no other than good can possibly result from their use—they are perfectly innocent.

The healthy as well as those suffering from disease should use them—the former to keep their blood pure and vigorous, and the latter to remove all noxious accumulations without weakening the system. The only care that is required is to procure the genuine Brandreth Pills, and you cannot fail to procure the genuine if you take the following advice:

How to be secure from Counterfeits.

Never purchase Brandreth's Pills without being positively sure that the person selling has an *Engraved* certificate of Agency, and ☞ observe it has been renewed; no Certificate being any guarantee after twelve months from date that Pills sold by the holder are genuine.

All Pills having Wm. Brandreth on the label, and George Hodgskinson on the edge, are counterfeits, are to *deceive the Public*, and evade the law at the same time.

These, and indeed, *all* counterfeit Pills, if used according to the directions which accompany my Pills, are calculated to DESTROY LIFE. They are made by men having no standing or respectability, without habitation or name—perfectly careless of consequences, provided money is obtained.

[Extract from Dr. B's Address to citizens of the U. S.]

And be careful to remember that I have never authorized pedlars in the United State to sell my Pills. These contemptible *persons* universally sell counterfeits, and that all Tradesmen who are made agents, have each of them a COPPER-PLATE certificate of agency, signed in writing with a pen by me; and which certificate requires renewal every twelve months, it being no guarantee for more than one year from date—observe the date is not WRITTEN, it is ENGRAVED.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
241 Broadway, New York.

Dr. B. Brandreth, has at very great expence, established the following offices for the exclusive sale of his Vegetable Universal Pills, which he begs to be understood shall be always equal to what they have been, and that no expense shall be spared in their manufacture. This he guarantees on his honor.

New York. (Principal)—241 Broadway.
Philadelphia—8 North Eighth Street.
Baltimore—80 South Charles Street.
Boston—19 Hanover Street.
Albany—Corner of Green and Hudson Streets.
Pittsburg, Pa.—154 Wood Street.
Cincinnati—139 Main Street.
Louisville, Ky.—99 Fourth Street
St. Louis, Mo—56 1-2 Market Street.
New Orleans—3 Old Levee.
Charleston, S. C.—70 Meeting Street.
Montreal—63 Notre Dame.

Sub Agents in Maine will hereafter receive their supplies from the New England Office

19 HANOVER STREET 19

THE ONLY OFFICE IN BOSTON FOR DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS,

Or of MR JOHN O. LANGLEY,

Who is DR. BRANDRETH'S duly authorized Travelling Agent for the State of Maine.

The following are the ONLY Agents in Oxford County furnished with the Genuine Pills. *Buy of them and avoid deception.*

Paris—CROCKER & SHAW.
So. Paris—A. Hall, Jr.
Buckfield—A. F. Cole.
Rumford—Otis C. Bolster.
" Asa Graham.
Dixfield—I. N. & C. Stanley,
Jay—Joel Paine.
Bethel—J. K. Kimball.
Livermore—Bruton & Morrison.
" J. Coolidge.
N. " Kimball & Walker.
Woodstock—Welcome Kinsley.
Hartford—Hall & Haines.
Greenwood—Welcome Kinsley.
Albany—Lovejoy & French.
Turner—Philo Clark.
Norway—Jotham Goodnow.
Lovell—James Walker.
Waterford—Noyes & Noble.
S " R. H. Gerry.
Sweden—Benjamin Nevers.
Fryeburg—H. C. Buswell.
Porter—John Higgins.
Hiram—Jose h Butterfield.
Canton Mills—J. M. Deshon.
Oxford—Charles Durell.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
241 Broadway, N. Y.
Sole proprietor of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.
epo1y32

NOTICE.

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss.—Taken on *Execution* and will be sold at Public Vendue at the Store of Sam'l Gibson, Esq. at Denmark corner, in said county, on Saturday the 25th day of May next at ten o'clock A. M all the right which Samuel Gilman of said Denmark has in equity to redeem a certain tract or parcel of land situated in said Denmark, viz: Beginning at an oak tree on the County Road and to run on said road sixty rods to an oak stump, then South nineteen Degrees West two hundred and fifty rods to the South West line of the School Lot, then North five Degrees East two hundred and seventy rods to the first bound, being fifty acres which was attached on the writ Deed dated Dec 12, 1809,—recorded in Lib. 5, pages 365 and 366. Mortgaged to Ashbell Cram for the sum of sixty-three dollars and eighty-eight cents. Deed dated June 23, A. D. 1830—recorded in Lib. 13, page 422

J. B OSGOOD, Dept. Sh'ff.

Fryeburg, April 11th, 1839. *3w35

Guardian's Sale.

BY virtue of a License from the Court of Probate for the County of Oxford will be sold at private sale, four-fifths of a certain piece of land and Store thereon situated in Turner-Village, now occupied by Hiram Clark, being the same that Cyrus Clark late of said Turner, deceased, died seized and possessed, and now the estate of said Cyrus Clark's minor heirs for whose benefit it is to be sold.

JOB PRINCE, Guardian.

Turner, April 10th, 1839. 3w35

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE,—FRYEBURG.

NOTICE is hereby given to the owners and non-resident proprietors of the following described lands situated in the town of Fryeburg, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me for collection for the year 1838 in the following sums, viz:—

Non Residents names; if known.	Original proprietors names.	Lot.	Division.	Acres.	Value. $	Tax. $ c.
Robert Wiley,	Intervale on the Island			5	125	0 55
Harrison W. Pike,	Buildings & Land by Thompson's Mill			1	250	1,11
Wm. Gorden,	John Chandler part of		4	20	400	1,77
John Merrill,	Hezekiah Austin		19,5	6	90	40
Michel Abbott,	Joseph Frye part of		23 3	5	40	18
Amos Poor,	Andrew McMillan		11 3	107	500	2,22
"	Ezekiel Walker,		4		50	22
Dudley Bean,	Coolman land, so called			500	1250	5,55
Owner unknown,	John Charles, 2-3		4 5		45	20
Nath'l Frye,	Intervale, Jesse Frye,		11 2	32	640	2,84
"	" "		12 2	50	600	2,66
"	" "		13 2	38	570	2,52
"	" "		14 2	50	1000	4,44
"	Upland "		37 1	66	266	99
"	" "		39 1	57	400	1,78
"	Buildings & Stand "		1	20	750	3,33
"	" "	4		100	500	2,22
Owner unknown,	Joseph Frye,		53	4 150	150	67
Gilbert Potter,	Sam'l Osgood, Buildings on the same		54 4	55	450	2,00
Owner unknown,	John Webster,		12 5	80	120	52
"	"		40 4	35	200	89
"	Sam'l Osgood		2 2	42	200	89
Simeon Pease	sup'd o'n'r,	Jno Chandler p't	5 3	10	100	44
Caleb Warren Jr	"	Ezekiel Walker	1 14		100	45
Heirs of O. Griswold,		School,	27 2	26	300	1,33
Owner unk.	Joseph Frye,		1	68	200	89
"	House & land occupied by John F. Whittier,		1	1	250	1,11
David Webster,	Store & lot at the Corner				850	3,77
"	Intervale,	Joseph Frye,	6 1	26	650	2,88
"	"	John Charles,	5 1	13	325	1,41
"	"	John Webster,	4 1	19	475	2 03
"	"	Ezra Carter,	3	19	475	2,03
"	"	Joseph Frye, p't	3 1	7	175	78
"	Upland,	John Webster,	1 1	9	135	60
"	"	"	6 1	30	150	66
"	"	"	8 3	47	200	1 33
"	"	Joseph Frye,	3 2	21	100	44
"	Intervale	"	1 1	11	275	1,22
"	"	Mark Story,	3	40	200	89
"	"	Ezra Carter,	19	10	120	53
Lane & Usher,	sup'd o'n'r,	S. Frye,	24 1	56	1200	5,33
"	John Russell,		22 1	51		
"	Mark Story,		23 1	55		
With the buildings on the same.						
Thos. Farrington,	sup'd owner Daniel Farrington, N. E. corner,		5	8	80	36
Owner unknown,	Simeon Frye,		4 6	8	20	13
"	Ezekiel Walker,		42 6		20	8
"	Jos. Frye,		41 6		20	8
"	Jos. Hazeltine,		49 6		20	8
"	John Webster,		57 6		20	8
"	Moses Ames,		34 6		20	8
"	John Chandler,		61 6		20	8
"	Moses Day,		27 6		20	8
Oliver Whitney,	Mos Day, woods & meadow		10		100	41
Heirs of Uriah H. Davis,	House Lot near Kimball Brook,				30	13
Owner unknown,	Moses Day,		19 1	10	150	66

One piece bounded on the South East by Lovell Pond, on the North by Lot No. 28, E. Walker, on the South by Abiel Chandler, No. 29, 15 75 33

One piece bounded on the North by Keser Pond, on the East by Ezra Carter, No. 1, and on the West by Sixth Division, No. 57, John Webster, 5 19 8

One piece South of Saco River, bounded on the South by No. 9, Andrew McMillan, West and North by No. 10, James Hazeltine, and East by No. 14, Andrew McMillan, 15, 56 25

All other common and undivided land within the town, 75 33

And unless said taxes with all necessary interesting charges shall be paid to me on or before Saturday, the twenty-seventh day of July next, so much of said land will be sold at Public Auction on said day, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Store of J. O. McMillan in Fryeburg as will discharge the same.

JOSHUA B. OSGOOD, Collector.

Fryeburg, March 20, 1839. 3w 34

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE,—GREENWOOD.

NOTICE is hereby given to the owners and non resident proprietors of the following described lands situated in the town of Greenwood, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me to collect for the year 1838, in the following sums, viz:—

Lands in the south part of the Town formerly known by the name of the Moziers & Haskells Grant.

	No. of Lot.	No. Range.	No. Acres.	Value. $	Tax.	Dec'r 1, 1837.	Total
Daniel Town or unknown	1		73	20 1	69		1 89
Formerly to A Town W. end	3		50	32	65		97
In the south part of the Town formerly known by the name of Phillips Academy half Township.							
Formerly to J Merrill unk	12	2	23	26	65		65
J. Dorry or unknown	3	2	50	76	1 75		1 75
do do	3	2	100	3	75		75
Unknown West end	6	1	50	20	50		50
Ezekiel Dustin or unknown	5	1	100	28	70	1 26	1 96
Levi B. Whitney do	4	1	100	28	69	1 27	1 96
In the north part of the Town of Greenwood formerly known by the name of Raymond Grant.							
Charles Potter or unknown	3	1	100	25	62	1 12	1 74
do do	4	1	100	25	62	1 12	1 74
do do	7	1	100	25	62	1 12	1 74
do do	8	1	100	25	62	1 12	1 74
do do	3	7	100	29	62	1 35	2 10
do do	2	5	100	25	62	1 12	1 74
S. Brown do	7	3	100	30	75	1 85	2 10
D. P. Dudley or unknown	14	9	66	20	50		50
T. Merrill do	13	9	75	35	72	1 12	1 75
Z. Whitman N end or unk	10	7	25	20	50		50
do do do	11	7	25	20	50		50
J. C. Beckler do	10	1	100	25	62		65
Walker & Stearns or unk on the East side of the road near Lock's Mills	11		2 1-2	10	25		25
Leonard Cole or unknown	1	6	40	38	75		75
J. & H. Whitman do	11	4	45	45	1 12		1 12

Unless said taxes with all necessary intervening charges shall be paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Tuesday the eighteenth day of June next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, so much of said land, as will be necessary to pay the same, will be sold at public Vendue, at the store of the subscriber in said town of Greenwood. JOSEPH STEVENS, Collector

Greenwood, March 12, 1839. [332] of Greenwood.

Guardian's Sale.

BY virtue of a license from the Hon. Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford, granted at a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for said County, Nov. 6th, 1838, will be sold, at public or private sale, on the premises, on Saturday the eleventh day of May next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, by the subscriber, Guardian of Curtis Eames, Daniel Eames Elizabeth Eames, Eleanor Eames, Mary Eames, Martha Eames, Nathan Eames, and Nancy Eames, minor children and heirs at law of Nathan Eames, late of Bethel in said County, deceased, all, or a part of, the right, title and interest of the said heirs in and to the homestead farm of the said deceased, situated in said Bethel.

Further particulars and terms of sale made known at time and place of sale.

JAMES EAMES Jr. Guarian of said heirs.

Bethel, March 20th, 1839 3w35

One Cent Reward!

RAN away from the subscriber on the 24th ult. ELISHA DOUGLASS, about sixteen years of age, five feet six inches in height, light complexion, and bound out by the Overseers of the Poor of Mexico. All persons are forbid harboring or trusting said boy as I will pay no charges. JOHN G. BARNARD.

Mexico, March 28th, 1839. *3w35

BLANKS FOR TOWN ORDERS

FOR sale at this Office.

Feb. 26.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE—PARIS.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of lands in the Town of Paris, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed for the years 1837, and 1838, for County and town tax, and deficiency of Highway for the years 1836 and 1837, in the Bills committed to the undersigned Collector of said Paris, by the Assessors of said Town, and remain unpaid as follows, viz;—

Owners Names.		No. of Lot.	No. Range.	No. of acres.	Value. $	Tax for 1837. $ c.
Unknown	South part,	29	4	85	125	1,06
do	North do	4	1	90	225	1,91
do		19	3	119	272	2,31
Wellington Jed-uthau	NW part	18	5	40	160	1,36
Unknown	NE do	19	6	80	400	3,40
Benj. Poor	part of 13 & 14	4		40	360	3,06
Delinquent Highway for 1836.						
Unknown	N. part	4	1	90	225	5,37
Jairus S Keith as Administrator	W. do	5&6	2	55	400	6,00
do do do	E. do	6	1	45		
For 1838.						
Unknown	W. part	7	1	7	40	54
do	S. do	29	4	85	125	1,38
do	N. do	4	1	90	225	2,45
Dan'l Cummings	part of	18	3	5	35	39
Unknown		19	3	119	272	2,99
Ira Hilborn and Moses Allen	S. part	2	8	170	160	1,10
Heirs of Cyrus Shaw	W & E do	5&6	2	55	525	5,78
Unknown		15&16	6	90	750	8,25
do		13&14	4	40	360	3,96
do		25&26	2	85	175	1,93
do		25&26	2	85	175	1,93
Delinquent Highway, for 1837.						
Unknown	N. part	15&16	6	90	750	9,94
do	N E do					
Berry farm so called		19				5,30
Levi Berry, Jr.	S part	19				1,67

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber on or before the 22d day of July next, I shall proceed to sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the store of Hiram Hubbard, in said Paris, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, so much of said lands as shall be necessary to discharge the same.

LUTHER WASHBURN, Collector.

Paris, March 12, 1839. 31

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE,—GREENWOOD.

NOTICE is hereby given to the owners and non-resident proprietors of the following described lands situated in the town of Greenwood, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in bills committed to me to collect for the year 1837, in the sums following, viz:—Lands laying in the south part of the town formerly known by the name of Mosier and Haskell's grant:

Owners names supposed.	No. of Lot.	No. Range.	No. Acres.	Value. $	Tax.	Dec'r 1, 1837.	Total
Daniel Town	1	1	73	70	1 75		1 75
do West end	3	2	50	30	1 06		1 06
Non-resident proprietors land laying in the south part of Greenwood formerly known by the name of Phillips Academy half township taxed.							
S. Merrill formerly	12	2	23	36	72		72
Non-resident proprietors land laying in the north part of the town of Greenwood, formerly known by the name of Raymond's Grant taxed.							
James Walker	5	1	100	30	89	1 20	2 09
Charles Potter or unknown	3	1	100	25	70	1 39	2 09
do	4	1	100	25	70	1 30	2 00
do	7	1	100	25	70	1 30	2 00
do	8	1	100	25	70	1 30	2 00
do	3	7	100	29	81	1 30	2 40
do	12	6	100	25	70	1 30	2 00
A Merrill or unknown	13	9	75	25	70	1 30	2 00
Unknown	10	4	100	25	70		70
Levi B. Whitney	4	1	100	28	78		78
Unknown	5	2	50	75		2 20	2 20
do	10	6	35	25		1 30	1 30
do	3	5	100	30		1 56	1 56
do	3	5	100	30		1 56	1 56
do	12	1	100	75		3 90	3 90
do	2	2	100	75		2 33	2 33
do	9	7	100	65		1 69	1 69

And unless said taxes with all necessary intervening charges shall be paid to me the subscriber, on or before Tuesday the 18th day of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, so much of said land as will be necessary to pay the same will be sold at public Vendue at the store of Joseph Stevens, Esq. in Greenwood

SILAS BILLINGS, Collector of Greenwood.

Greenwood, March 12th 1839. 3w32

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Executrix of the last Will and Testament of

SAMUEL ANDREWS,

late of Norway, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to LUCY ANDREWS.

Norway, April 9, 1839. 3w35

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Administratrix on the estate of

LUTHER STONE,

late of Paris, in the county of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to HADASSAH STONE.

Paris, April 9th, 1839. 3w35

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of administrator on the estate of

JACOB FROST,

late of Norway in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs,—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to GEORGE FROST.

Norway, April 9, 1839. *3w35

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

ABRAHAM HEATH, Jr.

late of Sumner in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to SIMEON BARRETT.

Sumner, April 9, 1839. 3w35

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

ENOCH HEALD,

late of Lovell, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to JOSIAH HEALD.

Lovell, April 9, 1839. *3w35

CAUTION.

THE subscriber having contracted on the 10th inst. with the Overseers of the Poor for the Town of Bethel in the County of Oxford, for the support and maintenance of Mr. John Estes, & Elhanan W. Sprague, Paupers of said town, and as suitable provision has been made for the same, this is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting them on his account, as he will pay no debts of their contracting. MOSES BARTLETT.

Bethel, March 20, 1839. *3w32